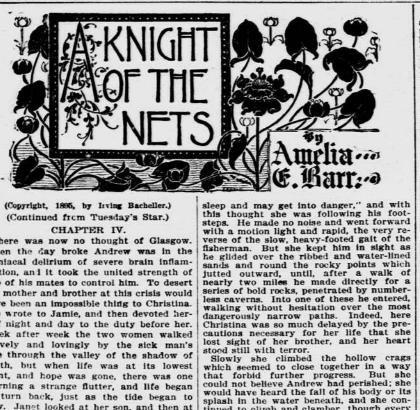
Five

Dollars.



told her what she had seen.

hae to tell me."
"Oh, my lad!" cried Janet, "there is!
Your siller is found! I dinna think a baw-

come to Gasgo' and you were ill, and I couldna leave you."
"Dinna cry, Christina. I'll seek Jamle o'er the wid warld but I'll find him. I wonder at mysel'! I'm shamed o' mysel'."
"You werena altogether to blame, Andrew. You weren ill at the time; your brain was on fire, laddie, and you werena to be held for any word you said. But if you seek Jamie and say as much to him, maybe I might be happy for a' that has come and gane."

He showed me a lock of her hair; one strand of it will pull him Scotland-wise sooner or later."
"I hae wronged him sairly, sir," said An-

"That's a different matter. I would go and right him."
"Aye; that is what I want to do."
So Andrew sailed to New York and Janet resumed her old friendly, gossippy ways, and Christina quietly but still hope-

indeed, said that she had run away from her husband and gone back to her cousin Isobel, who had refused to take her in. Isobel would say nothing to Janet on the subject, but Janet thought "the look o' her mair than eou!." It was at least evident that there was serious trouble, for Mr. Braelands and his mother were in France together and Sophy had certainly been seen in Largo since their departure. And these things made Janet and Christina very anxious about the motherless little woman. "For she ought to be wi' her ain gudeman, and no whar else," said Christina.

Christina.

"Gudeman, indeed!" cried Janet, scornfully. "Gudeman! there's few o' them deserve the name."

"You were kin to her dead mother, and you should see to her."

"Not I, Christina. I'll no come between man and wife. I'd only get the wyte for it. Many a sair heart folks get wi' meddling wi' what they canna mend."

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nfant Health

(Continued from Tuesday's Star.) CHAPTER IV.

vas now no thought of Glasgow. When the day broke Andrew was in the aniacal delirium of severe brain inflammation, and it took the united strength of two of his mates to control him. To desert her mother and brother at this crisis would have been an impossible thing to Christina. She wrote to Jamie, and then devoted herself night and day to the duty before her. Week after week the two women walked bravely and lovingly by the sick man's side through the valley of the shadow of death, but when life was at its lowest point, and hope was gone, there was one morning a strange flutter, and life began to turn back, just as the tide began to flow. Janet looked at her son, and then at the turning waters, and said softly: "Thank God, Christina, he has turned wi' the tide.

would have heard the fall of his body or its splash in the water beneath, and she continued to climb and clamber, though every step appeared to make further exploration more and more impossible. But with a startling unexpectedness she found herself in a circular chamber open to the sky, and on the large bowlers lying around Andrew sat. He had the lost box of gold and notes before him and was counting the money. She held her breath. She was afraid to think, to stir; she divined at once the whole secret. Motionless she watched him unroll and then reroll the notes, count and recount the gold and lock and hide away the box in an aperture above his head, filling the space in front of it with a stone that exactly fitted. He is a' right now."

It was, however, April in its last days ere Andrew could get down the cliff, and there was no expectation of his resuming work until the herring fishing in June. He said little about his work and nothing at all about Sophy or his lost money. In the



furnace of his affliction these tremendous furnace of his affliction these elements of it appeared to have been utterly consumed. But Janet and Christina were feeling the stress of his long illness in a way strange and humiliating—for the first time in their lives they were without ready money. It was hard for Janet to realize that there was not "a little bit in the bank to fall back on," and Christina was trying to decide whether it was best to run into debt or to get a small mortgage on their home.

on their home.

She was pondering this, to her, terrible question one night when she thought her mother and brother were both fast asleep. It was after midnight, the moon was full and the sea quiet, and the sweet strength of the lonely hour entered her heart. For a little space she walked abreast of angels, for though there is no onen vision in these a little space she walked acreast of angels, for, though there is no open vision in these days, His presence is ever near those who can feel it. She did not voice her anxiety, but it passed from her heart into the In-finite heart, and she was calm and com-

Jamie Lauder and I thought o' the probability till it became a sure thing in my ain mind, and sae doubtless, my heart being troubled anent the matter, I got up in my sleep and put the siller in my auld hiding place. And as I hid it in my sleep, it was only in my sleep I kent where I had hid it. There is two o' us, Christina, I'm thinking, and the one man doesna tell the ither man everything he knows. I should hae trusted you."

"You might hae trusted me safely, Andrew." forted.

Suddenly she heard a movement, and Andrew, fully dressed, came from his room. He was seeing through his eyes, and not with them; he looked like a spirit, and she was afraid to speak to him. Without a sign or word he passed her and began to descend the cliff. "He is walking in his "You might hae trusted me safely, Andrew."

'I hae done wrong, and I must put the wrong right. When did you hear from Jamie? And where is he?"

'I dinna ken whar he is. He sailed awa' you time and he left the ship in New York. He said when he wrote me last that you would find out some day how far wrong you were and then things might be different. You see, he thought I should hae come to Giasgo' and you were ill, and I couldna leave you."

the new shortening, like all other things must be rightly used if you wish the best results. Never, in any recipe, use more than two-thirds as much Cottolene as you used to use of lard. Never put Cottolene in a hot pan. Put it in when cold and heat it with the pan. Be careful not to burn Cottolene. To test it, add a drop of water; if hot enough, it will pop. Cottolene, when rightly used, delights everyone. Get the genuine, sold everywhere in tins, with trade-marks-"Cottolene" and steer's head in cottonplant wreath-on every tin. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, and 114 Commerce Street, Baltimore.

In the treatment of Diseases NOSE, THROAT, LUNGS AND



1421 F Street N. W.

Office Hours: 9 to 11 a.m., 2 to 4 and 6 to 8 p.m.

## **Genuine** Home Made Pies.

These are really made at home! Of the purest materials. Are good big ones in size. Surprise your husband by having one at dinner tomorrow night. Holmes' Landover Mkt., 1st & E Sts. Miss Delia Stevens of Boston suffered for years from hereditary scrofula, which the best physicians falled to relieve. S. S. S. cured her sound and well and saved her from v life of untold agony.

It is a matter of vast importance to mothers. The manufacturers of the GAIL BORDEN EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK issue a pamphlet, entitled "INFANT HEALTH," which should be in every home. Address, NEW YORK CONDENSED MILK CO., 71 Hudson Street, New York. 

In the meantime Andrew, after a pleasant sall, had reached New York. With the information received in Glasgow he had little difficulty in locating Jamle, whose name was found on the list of seamen, sailing a steamer between New York and New Orleans. She was then at her pier on the North river, and, with permission to interview James Lauder, Andrew went on board her one very hot afternoon about 4 o'clock. Jamle was at the hold attending to the cargo, and as he lifted himself from the stooping attitude which his work demanded he saw Andrew Binnie and knew him.

work demanded he saw Andrew Binnie and knew him.

Andrew instantly put out his hand.

"Jamie." he said, "I thought wrong o' you and I did you wrong. I hae come here to say 'Forgie me!"

"I knew you would come to yoursel' some day, Andrew. There's my hand! I haven't a thing against you now. How's Christina?"

"Weel, but wearing for you. I hae promised to bring you hame wi' me, Jamie. You will surely come?"

"Ay, gladly, if it can be managed. I am fair sick for the soft gray skies and the keen salt wind o' the North sea. The last Sabbath I was baking in New Orleans I thought I heard the kirk bells across the sands and saw Christina stepping down the rocks wi' the Bible in her hands and her sweet smile making a' hearts but mine happy, and I was sick wi' longing."

They spent the night together and findle.

hearts but mine happy, and I was sick willonging."
They spent the night together, and finally affairs were so arranged that Jamie and Andrew took the next Anchor line steamer home again. And during the voyage the men grew close to each other, and Andrew told Jamie that he was to be captain of one of the Red-White fleet, and offered him a berth in his ship. And thus all things were settled and talked over before they landed, and ere ihey reached Pittencraigie the men were already brotherly.

before they landed, and ere they reached Pittencraigie the men were already brotherly.

The marriage was not delayed. Andrew gave Christina a silk gown and a hundred gold sovereigns, and Janet gave her daughter a piece of land close to her own tottage, on which Jamie immediately began to build. And all the village, old and young, were at the wedding, so that for two days the feast, the song and 'he dance went gayly on, and during those two days not a single fishing boat left 'he little port of Pittencraigle.

The men went off to sea, and Janet and Christina had a never-ceasing interest in the building and plenishing of the new house. It was not fashionable, nor hardly permissible, for any one to build a house on a plan grander than the traditional fisher cottage, but Christina's, though no larger than her neighbors', had the modern convenience of many little closets and presses, which Janet iilled with homespun napery and broadcloths, so that never a young lass in Pittencraigie began life under such full and happy circumstances.

It was, however, far into the fall of the year lefore the new fire was lit on the new hearth and Christina moved into her ewn house. It was only divided from her mother's by a little garden, and the two women could stand at their doors and talk to each other. So the pleasant months went by, with nothing but Andrew's and Jamie's visits to mark them, until one cold, frosty morning in December. Janet was washing her dinner plate and singing:

"I cast my line in Largo Bay, the space in front of it with a stone that exactly fitted.

Then, without hurry or hesitation, he retraced his steps, and Christina followed as rapidly as she was able. But he was far in advance when she reached the open beach, and, almost exhausted, she sat down to realize the relief that had come to them—to wonder, to clasp her hands in adoration, to weep tears of joy. When she reached home it was quite light. Andrew was lying motionless in the deepest sleep, but Janet, half awake, asked querulously: "Why are you about sae early, Christina?" And then Christina sat down on her mother's bed, and in low, intense words, told her what she had seen.

mother's bed, and in low, intense words, told her what she had seen.

"You should ha'e brought the box wi'you, Christina. Oh, my lassie, if some ither body should ha'e seen what you have we'll be fairly ruined twice over."

"Andrew must go for it himsel', mother. He might not believe it was ever there, if he did not go for it. You ken, he suspicioned baith Jamie and me mysel'!"

It seemed that morning as if Andrew would never awaken, but at length he rose, and came into the kitchen. The look on his mother's face arrested him at once, and when he saw the same look on Christina's he laid down his knife and fork and said: "What is it? There is something you hae to tell me." was washing her dinner plate and singing:
"I cast my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine;
There's three to boil and three to fry,
And three to bait the line,"
when she heard a sharp rap at her door.
The rap was not made with the hand,
and she opened the door instantly and saw
the master of Braelands. She percelved
also that he had struck her door with the
handle of the short whip in his hand, and
it offended her.
"Weel, sir; your bidding?" she asked,
dourly. dourly. "I came to see about my wife. Wher

bee o' it is lost! Dinna mind me, Andrew; I canna help greeting for the joy o' it!"
Then Christina told him the whole story, and he pushed away his plate and went into his room awhile. When he came out his face was shining, and he said, joyfully:
"Came away Christina, you must go wi!" his face was shining, and he said, joyfully:
"Come away, Christina; you must go wi'
me for the box, though I ken weel the
place you mean. I hid the first shillings I
ever saved there." And as they walked
together he said: "I'm shamed to tell you,
Christina, but I'm most sure I ken how all
this trouble came about. After I showed
you the money I got feared you would tell
Jamie Lauder and I thought o' the probabilly till It became a sure thing in my ain

dourly.

"I came to see about my wife. Where is she?"

"You ought to ken that better than any ither body. It is nane o' my business."

"She has left her home."

"She has left her home."

"She would have good reason, dootless."

"She had no reason at all."

Janet shrugged her shoulders, smiled and looked over the tossing black waters.

"I wish to go through your house. I think she is with you."

"Go through my house? Do you think!" Il let a man wi' a whip in his hand go through my house after a poor frightened bird like Sophy? Na, na! Not while my name is Janet Blanie!"

"I rode here. The whip is for my horse. You do not think I would use it on any woman?"

"God kens. I dinna."

"Tell Sophy to come and speak to me."

"Sophy isna here."

"I am sure she is."

"Do you call me a lee-ar? Do it agin, and every the wife in Pittenersigle will

"Do you call me a lee-ar? Do it agin, and every fish wife in Pittencraigle will help me to give you your fairings. Tak'



be I might be happy for a' that has come and gane."

"What else could I do but seek Jamie? I hae wronged you baith cruelly, and I be to make it up to you, as weel as sorrow and siller can do so."

When they reached the cavern Andrew would not let her enter, but in a little while he returned with the box in his hands. His heart was ringing to the music of its happiness, for he felt now that the door was open, and he could walk up to success as to a friend on his own hearthstone. That afternoon he put the money in the bank and made preparations for his mother's and sister's comfort for some weeks. Then he went to Glasgow and was fortunate enough to find the ship in which Jamie sailed, in port The third mate recalled the young man readily. Jamie sailed, in port The third mate recalled the young man readily.

"He was in some love trouble," he said,
"and thought he could forget the girl if he
ran away from his country and his work.
He has found out his mistake by this time,
doubtless. Anyway, we let him go, and I
heard he had shipped on an American line,
sailing to Cuba or New Orleans, or somewhere near to the equator. I wouldn't seek
him," he added. "He'll come home again.
He showed me a lock of her hair; one I came to see about my wife; where

is she?"

yoursel' off my doorstep, or it will be the waur for you! Coming here and chapping on my door wi' a horsewhip! Off wi' you! You pair creature you! Sophy Traill lad a bad bargain wi' the like o' you! You drunken, leeing, savage-like, wifebeating pretense o' a husband!"

"Mother! mother!" cried Christina, coming hastily forward. "What's your will, sir?" she asked, turning to Braelands.

"My wife has left her home, and I came here to seek her."

"You came to the wrong place. Sophy isna here. We ken naething o' the poor, miserable lassie. God help her! And I think you had better be going, sir. There's Limmer Scott and Margot Roy and a few more wives looking this way, and they hae their own fashion o' treating men-folk who ill-treat a fisher lass. Sophy was born amang them."

"You are a bad lot altogether."

"Ay, and we'll prove it on you, if you dinna mak' a quick step out o' Pittencraigle," cried Janet. "I wouldna think much mysel' o' putting you in a blanket and tossing you o'er the cliff into the water." And Janet with her arms akimbo and her eyes blazing with anger was not a comfortable sight. So, with a smile of derision, Braelands went away, his affected deliberation by no means hiding the white feather from the laughing, jeering fish-wives, whose angry mocking followed him.

And then there was a conclave in Janet's Janet resumed her old friendly, gossippy ways, and Christina quietly but still hopefully began again her preparations for her marriage. For Janet had no doubts about Jamie. "Andrew is bound to find him," she said, "and he is bound to be glad enou' to come hame, no' to speak o' yoursel', Christina. If you get the spindle and distaff ready, God is sure to send the flax, and by the same token, get your plenishing made and marked and your bride clothes finished and God will send the husband, nae doubt."

One of the first results of Janet's renewed social visits was the news that Sophy was miserably married. Some, indeed, said that she had run away from her husband and gone back to her cousin

him.

And then there was a conclave in Janet's house, and every one told their own version of the Braelands trouble, until Christina's heart was hot and heavy within her, and neart was not and neavy within her, and she could not work nor eat nor sleep for the thought of the runaway wife. Indeed, in every cottage there was the one topic of wonder and pity and the one sad lament: "Poor Sophy! Poor Sophy Braelands!" (To be concluded tomorrow.)

Three Hundred Men -Killed.

The London News has a dispatch from Vienna which says that Trieste papers repert that an explosion destroyed the artillery barracks at Toula, Russia, and that 300 men were killed, including many officers. The barracks were found to be completely undermined. Many arrests have been made.

The Star Out of Town.

THE EVENING STAR will be sent by mail to any address in the United States or Canada for such period as may be desired at the rate of fifty

cents per month. But all such orders must be accompanied by the money, or the paper cannot be sent, as no accounts are kept with mail subscripFANNY DAVENPORT SAYS.



"I find the penuine Johann Hoff's

Beware of imitatious. The genuine

Johann Hol BISNER & MENDELSON CO., Agents, New York. ASK FOR THE GENUINE JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.

THE GOLD RESERVE.

It Was Kept Up to the Mark Yester-day by the Bond Syndicate. The gold reserve was kept at the \$100,-000,000 mark yesterday by the gold syndicate. About 2 o'clock the Treasury Department was informed that \$2,850,000 in gold had been withdrawn for export from the subtreasury in New York. As the gold reserve at the close of business yesterday stood at \$102,527,146, the withdrawal would have reduced the reserve to \$99,677,148. A few minutes afterward, however, Acting Secretary Curtis received a telegram say ing that Mr. Pierpont Morgan of the syn-

ing that Mr. Pierpont Morgan of the syndicate had deposited \$2,000,000 in gold in exchange for greenbacks. This deposit swelled the reserve to \$101,677,148.

The officials at the department display no apprehension as to the gold reserve, and intimate that the syndicate will continue to make deposits to offset withdrawals. But they decline to express their reasons for their faith, and the question raised constantly is as to the piedge under which the syndicate is making these deposits and the period it covers, as well as the ability of the syndicate to continue to protect the reserve. But little light can be shed on these questions, however, as it is said that

period it covers, as well as the ability of the syndicate to continue to protect the reserve. But little light can be shed on these questions, however, as it is said that probably only two government officials—President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle—know the unwritten part of the agreement made with the syndicate which secured the last issue of bonds. The syndicate has so far voluntarily deposited about \$8,000,000 in gold.

The manner in which the syndicate has accumulated the gold which it has voluntarily exchanged at the treasury for greenbacks is not absolutely known, as the syndicate does not make public its operations, but at the Treasury Department it is believed that most of it is obtained by giving exchange on San Francisco and by buying builton checks. The circulation in San Francisco is practically all gold. The movement of money is east, as a result of which San Francisco exchange on New York is usually at a premium, equal to the cost of the transportation of gold across the continent. For the same reason New York exchange on San Francisco is often at a slight discount, although just now it is at par. By offering exchange on San Francisco, therefore, the syndicate can accumulate large—quantities of gold in San Francisco at practically no expense. The syndicate can also procure gold by buying builton checks issued for builton deposited at the assay offices and the government mints. These, at the present time, when there is a demand for gold, bring a slight premium. It is not believed, however, that the syndicate is put to much expense in accumulating in this fashion practically the entire product of the American gold mines, which averages usually about \$25,000,000 a year.

AWFUL FIGHT OF MANIACS.

and an Attendant Stood by and Look-The investigation of the county commissioners into the management of the Dunning Insane Asylum began yesterday at Chicago. Thirty thousand words of tesimony were taken at the first sitting. Towards the end of the day's sitting came a horrible story that in detail was

nore barbarous than the story of the Puick murder. It was told by Dr. McGrew, resident physician of Dunning Asylum. It concerned a battle between two madmen, who had fought in the corridor of ward 2 while Anderson, accessory to the murder while Anderson, accessory to the murder of Pulck, was on watch. These two patients quarreled over some silly and childish difference. They came to blows. They tore at each others' faces, and rolled about the floor, while Anderson looked on. One of them, in the frenzy of a raving maniac, set his teeth into the face of the other. He bit off his nose and spat it on the stone floor of the corridor. The maniac with whom this patient was battling sprang away from the death grip, fell bleeding and screaming to the floor, saw the flesh torn from his own face, stuffed it into his mouth, and chewed his own nose to a pulp and swallowed it. He said that would make it grow again, and Anderson looked on.

would make it grow again, and Anderson looked on.

This was the sworn testimony of Dr. Mc-Grew, resident physician at Dunning Asylum. While it was being given the commissioners turned sick and pale. Jane Adams, one of the committee, covered her face with her hands, and clutched at the arm of her chair. McGrew made the story more effective by the quiet way he had told it. So far as his manner was concerned, it was not an unusual occurrence at Dunning.

was not an unusual ning.

At the end of the story somebody whispered to President Healy of the commissioners, "You said there was nothing to be accepted." investigate."

Healy looked up. His face was pale, and his eyes full of the horror of that story he had just heard. "God forgive me," he said, "I did. But I did not know. I did not know these things."

"I did. But I did not know. I did not know these things."

Although the inquiry was only begun, enough was drawn out to show that great abuses have been practiced in the asylum. Most of the evidence given yesterday was regarding the routine management of the institution.

Seven Were Drowned. By the capsizing of the small pleasure

yacht Rung Brothers, last evening at Buffalo, N. Y., seven men of the fifteen on board were drowned. That there was not a greater loss of life is due to the nearness of the tug F. C. Maytham and the quickness of the life-saving crew in getting to the scene. Those droward were Frank Buggmann, married; Jacob Baumann, married, and has three children; Henry Schindler, married; Charles Fisher, Tromas F. Canron, single; fireman, name unknown; stranger, name unknown. The Rung Brothers was an open pleasure launch built two years age by Burley Brothers of Euffalo, by whom she was owned. She was fifty-seven feet, long by ten feet four inches beam, and listed to carry twenty-ti ree persons. At the time of yesterday's disaster she was engineered by L. G. Burley, one of the owners. The latter claims that the steering gear went wrong at the time of making the turn, scene. Those drowned were Frank Bugg-

The Southern Railway at Norfolk. A special dispatch to the Baltimore Sur from Norfolk, dated yesterday, says: The firance committee of the councils held a very important meeting last night, at which the differences between the Southern railway and the city, in regard to the former's lease of terminal property here, were considered and the lease finally agreed upon. The finance committee, which had power to act, approved the lease. Vice President Andrews left for New York this mcrning. The Southern railway will reach the city over the Norfolk and Carolina railthe city over the Norfolk and Carolina rail-read, but will use its own engines, cars and barges, and must begin operations by January 1. The lease opens a vast terri-tory to the Norfolk merchants, and a large-increase of business for the city may be reasonably expected. The road will also do a foreign business from this point. It is said by some who took much interest in corsummating the lease that Newport News came very near getting the Southern railway to make its terminus there.

Reductions."

**\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*** 

Five

Dollars.

It's a lucky thing for you

"Removal

that we are putting up a new building—for it has knocked prices to their knees. There isn't a thing under our roof

today that isn't being offered @ to you at way below par value. But we've promised ourselves that when moving time comes there shan't be any stock left to be moved. So if there's anything you want about the house this is your time to buy it. Pennies talk where dollars

We've even put the Refrigerators—

Baby Carriages -Mattings-

our three busiest lines—into the sale. You can't know what bargains are if you pass these by.

House & Herrmann, 917, 919, 921 and 923 7th St.

636 Mass Ave. 9999999999 You can make your home and of-

fice like a summer resort by putting in an electric fan and discarding the hot gas light, substituting electricity. No power is as clean, as stable or as cheap as electricity. We furnish the current. Drop us a postal or call up phone 77 and we'll turn it on. United States Electric Lighting Co., 213 14th st. n.w.

Bargains In Long Hair Switches. \$2.50. Formerly \$3.00. \$4.50. Formerly \$6.50. \$6.50. Formerly \$10.50. Formerly \$10.50. Bhampooning, etc. Try our "Curlette," for keeping the hair in curl.

S. HELLER'S, 720 7th Street N.W.

REMEMBER-

## OPHAM'S RUNKS RAVEL.

1231 Penna. Ave. Everything for Travelers. Old Trunks made new at little expense, au15-tf

Tender Foot--

Attention, Men!

\$8, \$10, \$12 and a

Few \$15 Suits

TO GO FOR

Last Sale of the Summer Season === and Greatest!

Give them away? You are not asking charity!

There was but one way to put them on your

Just think of \$5.00 for a good full suit of Men's

When these are sold it will mean clean shelves

for the richest stock of Fall and Winter Clothing

yet shown in Washington. The new stock will begin to arrive in a couple of weeks, so the \$5.00

The fun begins tomorrow==Thursday morning.

Parker, Bridget & Co.,

Clothiers, 315 7th St.

backs === and that was to make the price ridicu=

lously and irresistibly low === which we have done.

What were we to do with them?

Carry them over? We wouldn't!

Clothes, Black, Navy and Mixtures.

"Sale" must be sharp and decisive!

It means altering==if any==extra!

It means the bargain of your life!

Couldn't help but be!

It means cash down!

• • • • —has a double meaning. It is applied to • • • • the "green" or "soft" young men who • • • • float west from the cultured east. It is also applied to aching "soft" feet, which
 are very painful—unless the feet are en cased in a "Wilson's \$3.50 Shoe." No

• • • pain thereafter. Wilson,

"Shoemaker for Tender Feet," 920 F St.

You're Too Fat. There Are Others.

Read What They Say—They're Being Cured by Dr. Edison's Obesity Treatment—Hot Weather is Here—Use Dr. Edison's Pills, Salt and Bands for the Fat—Not Patent Medicines—They Make Fat Folks Thin and Comfortable.

Florence Evelyn Merry, author of "Two Girls at the Fati," wiring from the Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, states that 2's had been gaining flesh rapidly for five years until September, 1894, when she began using Dr. Edison's Treatment for Obesity. "From Sept. 2 to Dec. 20 I took Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills and Fruit Salt, and was reduced 34 peunds, and entirely cured of dyspepsia. My complexion was rendered clear and beautiful."

Mercy Sturterant Wads writing from the Treasury Department, says: "In six weeks Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills and Salt brought me down 44 pounds and cared me of chronic allments."

Capt. Henry Caton, long connected with the Pest Office Department, writes: "I took Dr. Edison's Pills and Salt and they reduced me 28 pounds in a month and a half."

Mrs. Col. Stanton, Georgetown, writes: "I took Dr. Edison's Obesity Salt and Pills six weeks, reduced 25 pounds and cleared my complexion."

Francesca Townshende, secretary of the Woman's Ethical Calture Club, writes: "I had been getting flexip seven years. From 124 pounds I had grown to '22. Indigestion and dyspepsia made me nearly a physical wreck. Under Dr. Edison's treatment I have lost 63 pounds in eleven weeks and cured my dyspepsia."

Mrs. Helen Wandall Sturgess from her residence

have lost 63 pounds in eleven weeks and cured my dyspepsia."

Mis. Helen Wandall Sturgess, from her residence on F street, writes: "Dr. Edison's Obesity Band has reduced my weight 21 pounds and cured me of kidney troubles. Dr. Edison's Fills and Salt have cured my brother, Col. Wandall of the Department of State, of liver disease and reduced his weight 39 pounds in fouty-three days."

Obesity Fills, \$1.50 a bottle; three bottles, \$4, chough for one treatment; Obesity Fruit Salt. \$1.

Obesity Band, any size up to 36 inches, is \$2.50; 10 cents extra for each additional inch in length. Send all mall, express or C.O.D. orders to us. Retail drug trade supplied by R. P. MERTZ. 11th and F n.w.

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